

Strange Guardian by **TheDidactsHand**

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Summary: When Emile is the one left behind on Reach, and he is brought to Hawkins Indiana, will he be able to help with the supernatural events surrounding it? Or simply be another leaf in the cosmic winds flowing through the small town.

1. Chapter 1

Hello, and welcome to my new story! For those who don't know me(That being a lot of people) I'm TheDidactsHand. This story is the first in a string of Halo Crossovers i have planned, if you would like to find out more, i made of list of potential stories. You can also read my bio if you'd like. This will be a Stranger things crossover starring Emile-A239, AKA the most psychotic Spartan ever. It will take place during Season 1, and some events will be altered. Please don't flame me for his method of entering the ST Verse, its Science Fiction... Without further or due, i present Chapter one. I hope you enjoy it.

Emile stabbed the final Zealot in the head, the poor Elite gurgling his own blood as he hit the deck with a dull 'thump'. Flicking his knife of the putrid blue blood and sheathing it, he made his way to Noble Six. They both were the sole survivors of Noble Team, excluding Noble Five. But there was no telling if he had made it off planet.

Grabbing his shoulder, he stood beside Noble Six. They both watched in silent defeat as Reach, the last bastion of Humanity burned like so many others. Almost effortlessly the Covenant had beaten them down into the dirt, millions of military and civilians dying in an unending sea of plasma and Covenant ground troops.

Looking over at Six, the most quiet of Noble team by far, although he had only been apart of Noble for a month, the team had come to admire and appreciate the ONI bastard. And Noble Six while he was reserved, conveyed his care for the team in his own way. With each loss, he fought with even more ferocity than the last battle, utterly butchering any Covenant they came across. From the diminutive Grunts, to the Hulking Brutes and Hunters, they died all the same. Earning the moniker 'Demon' the Covenant had fearfully imposed upon him and his Spartan brothers and sisters.

The sound of a Pelican brought them both out of their own thoughts. The Pelican in question descended down to the landing platform, doing a one-hundred-eighty degree turn clockwise, the open troop bay was presented. Walking from the dimly lit bay was the captain of

the Pillar Of Autumn, his face looked tired, and his eyes while stern, were full of sorrow. Noble Six walked to greet him, and also to relinquish "The Package" unto him.

"Good to see you Spartan. Halsey said she could count on you." The Captain said as he walked onto the platform, a squad of Marines fanning out behind him. Noble Six reached behind his back, unclamping the AI Matrix core from his armor, handing it to the captain. "Not just me sir."

The Captain nodded grimly, placing his free hand on the tall soldier's shoulder. "I know. They'll be remembered."

Emile looked on from behind the group, his eyes had since returned to the burning landscape that was Reach. Fires raged across as far as the eye could see, Covenant artillery could be seen illuminating the orange sky frequently. Their ships raining down lilac beams of molten plasma across the land. Emile's inner turmoil turned into an burning anger, so much so that is could cut a CCS battlecruiser in half from just minimal contact. Speaking of a Battlecruiser, Emile began to hear the humming of a Covenant ships proton engines. The micro vibrations was something Emile would never forget.

He looked over to the west, spotting the cruiser in question, the aquatic looking ship was a little over five kilometers from the ship breaking yards, and it was on a trajectory bearing straight for the Autumn. "Six, Captain. Covenant cruiser bearing three hundred degrees West. It's on a direct path for the Autumn." The captain's head immediately turned to the direction, grimacing as he radioed the Autumn. "This is Captain Keyes, be advised we have a Covenant Cruiser bearing on our position. What is the status of the launch sequence?" Neither Emile or Noble Six could hear the person on the other end, but they did see the captain utter a small curse, meaning the situation was not that great.

Emile turned around, looking at the Onager. 'Might as well go out with a bang' he thought dryly. With a plan formulated, he approached Captain Keyes. Keyes watched as Noble Four approached, looking up at the skull engraved into the Spartans helmet."Yes Spartan?" Emile wasted no time replying. "Sir, i will get you the window you need to escape." Emile paused for a nano second, then

continued. "I have the gun. Take Noble Six and get the hell out of here sir. Humanity is going to need you both." He saluted them both, Noble Six was going to protest, but Emile only had to look at him to know that he wouldn't be swayed otherwise. Instead opting to give him a swipe of his fingers across his visor... A Spartan Smile. Emile returned with his own Finger swipe, while Captain Keyes extended his arm to the Spartan. Which he took in a firm handshake. "Good luck Spartan, and godspeed." Emile nodded, and turned around. He sprinted up to the Onager, while the Captain and Noble Six departed on the Pelican back to the Pillar Of Autumn.

Emile Situated himself in the rather cramped seat, it wasn't made for Spartans that's for sure.

He began to charge up the gun, the electromagnetic capacitors emanated a sharp crackle as the electrical current ran along the length of the massive ground based Coil Gun. Letting a manic smile creep onto his face, he began to aim the general direction of the cruiser. Until the Onager got racked with purple plasma fire from a passing Phantom. Snarling, Emile reoriented the gun, targeting the fleeing Phantom. With the Phantom in sight, he pressed the trigger. A loud crack of lightning could be heard by Covenant forces miles around as the Onager released it's payload, the round easily spearing through the drop ship. Causing it to be engulfed in purplish flames as it came crashing down. Emile let out a bark of sadistic laughter, "Burn you Covenant fuckers, burn." his celebration was short lived as more plasma began to pelt the gun. He groaned in frustration. This time he targeted a small banshee, absolutely eviscerating it in another plume of purple fire. With the small nuisance taken care of, he turned back to the cruiser, only to find it much closer to the Autumn.

His radio crackled to life, the captain was practically yelling. "Spartan! That Cruiser is about to fire! It's now or never!" He didn't reply, only shifting his aim to where the deadly molts of plasma were being gathered. As soon as he was on target, he depressed the trigger for the final time, another lightning strike. Followed by a roll of thunder as the round disrupted the firing sequence of the cruiser, Causing multiple explosions to rack the purple ship as it began to list to the right. "Good guns spartan. Goodluck. Captain Keyes out." Emile felt a

rumble as the Autumn began to lift off of the ground aided by the stage rockets. The old Halcyon was soon making its way into orbit, leaving Emile alone. Not that it scared him, he would rather die killing as many Covenant as he could. Lucky for him he had no shortage of Aliens to kill, which was what he did best. With that in mind, he propelled himself out of the now unneeded Onager, and down to the platform below. Drawing his M45 Shotgun from his back, racking a new shell and pumping it. Causing a loud echo to occur.

Ghosts Of Reach Halo Legends OST

He let out a bellow of a yell. Calling out the Covenant that were hiding, or near the area."Come on you bastards! I'm READY! How bout you?"

There was complete silence for a few moments, only the winds that whipped around the platform, and the whine of plasma weapons from very far away. Then, there was a loud warble of roar. A contingent of red armored Elites appeared from seemingly nowhere, they were all armed with Plasma repeaters, and Energy Swords. Though the Leader seemed to be the only one actively using his sword. The leader, took a step forward with his left hoof, throwing back his arms, he flared his mandibles and let out a deep roar, one that shook the titanium plates on Emile's Mjolnir. His subordinates seemed to concur with whatever the fuck the Hinge Head said, because they too roared. Though theirs were more weak in comparison. Emile laughed. Then yelled back. "Come on you fucking squid! You wanna piece of me? Come get it mother fucker!" Emile then brought up his Shotgun, running towards the large group of Elite's. The leader seemed to accept his challenge. He ran at Emile, Energy Sword overhead. As Emile closed the distance, he slammed his shotgun on his back, unsheathing his Kurkuri. He watched in slow motion as the Elite lunged forward, the blade of ionized plasma inching its way to his chest, the Elite's face seemed to look victorious. That changed when in one fluid motion Emile ducked under the strike, using the Elite's momentum, he wrapped his arm around the Elite's own, and violently slung him into the ground. A gasp of surprise was all the Elite could do before Emile's Kurkuri slammed into his eye socket. Casting his world into a dark void.

Emile stood back up, flicking the blood off of his beloved knife, he slowly looked at the group of Elites that seemed to be royally pissed off. Chuckling he silently asked, "Now... Who wants to be Calamari next?" The Elites all charged him at that moment...

November 4th, 1983.

Hawkings Indiana

Two days before the 'gate' is opened

A pale and almost bald little girl is being escorted by what looked like armed nurses. She was wearing some sort of tan swimwear, and was barefoot. She was taken into a large room. The room itself was a pristine white, and at the center stood a tall tube with water. Multiple hoses and wires were connected to the tank, and led to some sort of upscaled EKG monitor. There were a lot of men in black suits, and some in lab coats working around the machine. One man in a suit approached the young girl, kneeling down and smiling at her. "Hello Eleven. Today is the big day. Just do what you've done every other time, and everything will be ok."

The little girl still looked distressed, and only uttered. "Yes Papa"

The man shook her shoulder and stood back up. Nodding to the two men escorting her. They took her up a set of stairs that lead to the top of the tank. There was a hatch for access to the tank, and a bulky helmet. No doubt to keep the flow of Oxygen. The men sat her on a swing like seat that was suspended above the tank, giving a technician the thumbs up, she was lowered into the tank. One of the men slipping the cumbersome helmet on her head, then closing the hatch.

Eleven could see everything out of the tank, she saw all of the bad men that had kept her confined and torched her on an almost daily basis, and she saw the head of the snake "Papa."

Her world was soon casted into darkness as a cover on the outside of the tank slid over. Obscuring her view of the outside, leaving her to focus her mind on entering the dark spaces of her conscience. Only

this time instead of the peaceful silence of the pitching black; she was greeted by the sounds of explosions.

Fluttering her eyes open, she saw not the inkling black, but a place of fire and death. She backed away fearfully, her eyes watering and her lips curled inward at the destruction she is witnessing. She finds herself tripping on something soft and cold, dazed, she looks down at what she sees mkwa hwe frantically crawl backwards. On the ground is a child... Half a child. The body is pale, and blood still trickles out and stains the dirt red. Eleven begins to shout, screaming as she looks around and finds even more bodies. Some older than her, and many more younger. Their bodies lay underneath the older ones, as if they were protected.

She stands up, still shaking and sobbing as she tries to work her way out of the area. She runs as soon as she can navigate without tripping over more bodies. She runs past more bodies, but she noted these bodies looked like some of the bad men, except they wore dark green sleek armor. They died with thunder sticks in their hands, or that's what they looked like. Some were burned into a black corpse with charred skin. While others looked like they had been smashed flat by something heavy. The smells made her retch and vomit her small lunch onto the ground.

Suddenly she heard shouting, and what sounded like thunder sticks! She ran as fast as she could to the sound, the staccato of thunder, was mixed with something else... The new sound scared her, but she kept running. Eventually reaching the hill where the sounds were coming from. She saw flashing lights at the top of the hill, rapid flashes of yellow, and green and blue slower flashes. She began to climb the small hill, making it there in seconds. She instantly stopped moving. She was too shocked to move. Her miniscule education made it difficult to process what she was seeing. She could only relate it to a nightmare.

Monsters, of all sizes were on one side. Each one had a flashing weapon in their hands. They spat orbs of light. That wasn't the most terrifying thing though. It was their appearance. Small stocky monsters waddled across the field of light, some had weapons that shot small orbs of lights, or some had pink weapons that shot little crystals that seemed to move on their own accord. When they struck

the men, they would disappear in a puff of pink and red gore.

The other Monsters, taller than the last ones, looked like ugly birds. They had sharp beaks that carried even sharper teeth. These ones carried a circle of light, and when the yellow lights would hit it, would bounce off without problem. They carried similar weapons as the first ones.

The next monsters would haunt her dreams. They were taller than all the rest. Covered in a black fur, and with a mouth full of jagged teeth. They ran at the good men, who fired a seemingly unending amount of yellow lights at them. They didn't fall like the others, they tore the men apart. One used a giant hammer to crush a good man into a fine paste. She began to cry and ran back down the hill, running as fast as she could away from the lights. Her actions caused an interference with the monitoring equipment. Causing all the sounds she heard to be projected to the men monitoring her.

They heard her labored breath, and a staccato of weapons fire in the distance. The fat man turned to the man in the suit. "What in the holy hell is that? It sounds like a fucking warzone! Should we pull her?" As he said this there was a roar of some kind that sent a chill down the man in the suit. He put a hand on his chin, shaking his head. "No, keep monitoring her." The technician didn't seem to like that, but did as he asked. Another roar was heard, and Eleven screamed, causing the lights to dim and equipment to spark. There was another sound, this time a deep hispanic voice yelled out. "HEY FUCKERS! Leave her ALONE!"

Eleven had run until she collapsed from tripping. She hurt her knee on the rough and coarse ground. Her cries somehow attracted the attention of that large beasts. She didn't know how they saw her, but they did. They stomped to her, their mouths seemed to glisten from saliva and blood. She tried to scramble away, but she couldn't. She was frozen in fear. She cried and cried, while the three beasts lumbered forward. Until a man's voice yelled out. "HEY FUCKERS! Leave her ALONE!" This voice sounded like it belonged to a powerful man, the beasts stopped, turning around to find the man. They saw him, and so did Eleven. He was the largest man she had ever seen, standing a little shorter than the beasts compared to the other men. His body was covered in big heavy plates for armor. This man was also the

scariest, his face was covered with a skull on a mirror like glass.

The beasts seemed to be afraid of this one man, as they slowly backed up, uttering the words "A Demon.." in hushed tones. Though that was short lived as the leader pounded the ground with his massive fists roaring, making Eleven cover her ears. The leader moved with an amazing speed, converging on the man quite quickly. Eleven was about to yell for him but faster than she could comprehend, the man had jumped over the beast, taking his thunder stick and shooting the beast in the back, tearing out a huge chunk of flesh. The Beast slumped down dead. The man slowly looked at the other ones, while they seemed scared, rushed in. Slower than their leader, the man put away his thunder stick. Trading it for a shiny bent stick instead. He ran back at them, one tried striking him with it's weapon, but it missed widely. The Man punched it in the side, sending vomit erupting out of its mouth. He then stuck his stick through the top of the monster's head. It fell quickly, his comrade managed to hit the him. Causing him to slide back a few feet. Undeterred, the man rushed back. Tackling the beast into the ground. Letting out a bone shaking yell, the man punched the beast's face. A sick wet crunch was heard, and then silence.

Eleven stared at the man wide eyed as he walked over to her, sheathing his knife. He stared down at her, causing her to stare at him blankly. Then like a switch, the little girl was gone. Emile looked around bewildered, he was sure he had just seen a little girl! Was he losing it? But all of a sudden, he felt himself being dragged. Turning around he saw a pure white portal, drawing him in. He struggled to free himself, and found himself pulled into the portal...

Eleven shivered as she was brought of the sensory deprivation tank, she had been in there for quite awhile. The experience was traumatizing. She had no way to describe what she had just seen, even though she didn't speak much to begin with. Papa had come down to talk to her. He knelt down in front of her, asking what she had seen. She wouldn't... no couldn't answer him. Papa was very upset evident by the fact he had the bad men hit her, Their sticks didn't kill, but they hurt her very badly. She couldn't use her brain to fight back, her connection to wherever she had been drained her. So she was helpless as the all the men watched her punished. That was

until a blinding white light blinded everyone, the room was cascaded in it. They stopped hitting her, looking to where the light had originated from. What everyone saw made their hearts stop. Standing there was the very man who had saved her from the beasts...

Nice little beginning chapter here. Sorry again for the uncreative way of inserting Emile. I figured if she can open gates to alternate or parallel dimensions, maybe i could use slip space as Emile's 'Gate'. Considering it is comprised of several dimensions that run along our own. Anyway, i hope you guys liked it, please review and give me feedback!

2. The Escape

Hey guys. I'm back with a new chapter! I hope you guys enjoy. Also I would like to send a big shout out to We're the Desperate Measures-ODST. He was kind enough to reach out and ask if I needed help, which I accepted. I highly encourage you to read his stories!-TheDidactsHand

Emile was very disoriented after he was pulled through the portal, stumbling a bit as he regained his balance. Shaking his head, he looked around. Surprised to see he wasn't on the burning planet of Reach, rather he was in some sort of... Retro tech lab. Widening his eyes beneath his helmet, he looked down. His surprise was again peaked as he saw men in suits, they gave him the O.N.I. vibe, the type to keep secrecy by any means necessary. The other people were just lab technicians from the look of them. But what really caught his eye, was the little girl. It was the one he saved! But how did she get here? Why the hell was he here? After looking at her, he realized she had bruises, and some cuts. Some men had been surrounding her... Beating her.

This made Emile's blood boil, his mind flashing back to when the insurrectionist would kidnap people, only to return them beaten and broken.

Getting the girl clear of the hostiles was his main objective. He would find out what happened to him later. With that in mind, he spoke to the leader, a tall White man, who had grey hair, and a somewhat wrinkled face. His eyes looked cold and unnerving to most, but not a Spartan III Super Soldier. "What the hell are you doing to her?" The man seemed to step back, along with everyone in the room. Primitive weapons were raised in his direction, they looked to be Heckler & Koch MP5Ks.

The man eventually spoke, his composure retained to a degree. "What I do with U.S. Government property, isn't your concern. I am curious as to how you got here." The man began to take steps forward as he continued talking. "This a Tier 1 clandestine operation, no one on the outside has a clue as to what goes on here. So how did you gain

access? You with the Russians? The Chinese?" The man kept walking, dangerously close to popping that personal barrier all Spartans had. That was made evident when Emile unsheathed the fourteen inch monomolecular Kurkuri that sat atop his shoulder pauldron. Brandishing it at the man, interrupting his long winded speech. "You better watch how close you get to me." Emile spat with cold regard. The man on his part, blind with ignorance, still continued forward, a smug smile plastered on his face. "And you better watch how you talk to me, I could make your life a living hell. There's no such thing as the Geneva Convention for spies." He finished, now a mere foot away from the one thousand pound death machine, pointing his pale appendage at the very visage of death.

Emile, sheathed his Kurkuri. Luring this man into a false sense of security. The man smiled and spoke. "Good. Now, these gentleman wi-" He never got to finish his sentence, as he was lifted three feet into the air. Gasping for air as he looked on in fear at the skull carved into Emile's helmet. "Let's make one thing clear, shall we? You don't control me. Nor do you control her." He pointed to Eleven, who seemed surprised the giant man was saving her yet again. "Are we clear?" Emile brought him face to face with himself. So the man could see his distorted reflection in Emile's carved helmet. The man seemed to nod feverishly, so Emile threw him back into his cohorts. Sending three of them onto the ground. The men flanking him, unexpectedly opened fire. The primitive nine millimeter slugs impacting the Mark V's shields harmlessly. Once they saw the golden glow of his energy shields, they immediately stopped firing. Gobsmacked by the fact this man had something that only appeared in science fiction.

One of the scientists seemed to have a stroke. "My god. The Russians did it. We're fucked." He muttered out, Emile heard murmurs of agreement. But he paid them no mind, he wasn't some come. He represented the Freedom of the UNSC. With equal rights and opportunity. Not that he cared about it though. His only purpose now was to ruthlessly murder any Covenant bastard he saw.

Abolishing his thoughts. He made his way to the girl, she seemed to cower as he knelt down to her, offering his armored hand. "Its ok kid. I'm here to help you." She still seemed to cower under his gaze. He figured it must be his helmet scaring her, 'Looks like i'm breaking

protocol on this one.' he thought to himself humorously. He reached up to his helmet, twisting it to the left, it let out a hiss of air. That startled her, but she didn't run. He lifted up his helmet. Revealing a Dark hued young man, he had a strong chin and jawline, and brown eyes that were warm from the fires of rage that caused him so much inner turmoil. He had a myriad of scars criss crossing his face, a very prominent burn that marked his left temple.

Emile tried giving his best smile, and it worked. The little girl calmed down and accepted his hand. Emile scooped the small girl up in one arm, causing her to squeak in surprise. Using his free hand, he awkwardly afixed his EVA helmet back onto his head. Looking back at the assorted men, he grunted. That made some of them gasp comically, providing a bit of a laugh for Emile. Turning back to Eleven, he asked her. "How we getting out of here baldy?"

Eleven cocked her head to the side, like a curious puppy. Emile just chuckled, then began marching out of the room. The few men guarding the exit making a meager attempt to block him, which he just continued walking. The one thousand pounds of Mjolnir clanking heavily on the floor, the guards realizing just how heavy he was, moved out of the way; lest they become crushed under the armored heel of Emile.

Emile eventually made his way out of the facility, the few military police there tried and failed to stop him at every turn. After he emerged outside, he was surprised to find himself on the outskirts of a small town, surrounded by the Pines of Earth. Shaking his surprise, he looked to Eleven. She was comfortably perched on his arm. She looked at him, as if asking 'What next?' Emile plotted what to do, as one of the select few pulled from the regular pool of Alpha company, he was taught advanced military tactics, such as evasion, stealth, hand to hand combat, survival, and many other means to make him a deadly tool of destruction. While he pondered where to go, Eleven frantically began slapping the side of his helmet, groaning he turned to her. "What kid!?" She simply pointed behind them, causing him to turn. He saw a convoy of white Dodge rams driving at full speed to their position. "Bad men." Emile scoffed at that understatement. "You think kid?" He turned back to the long stretch of road, with little

choice, he placed Eleven on his back. "Hang tight kid. It's gonna get bumpy."

Eleven seemed confused as to what he meant, he couldn't possibly outrun the bad men. She had tried before. Though she was in the shock of her life as the man took off at blistering speeds. Causing the concrete to be torn asunder from where he had previously been standing. She began screaming, not from fear, but of joy. The man was going so fast the wind whipped around her head wildly. Though he seemed to get faster, causing her to wrap her frail arms around his armored neck guard tightly.

In one of the vans, the men inside were trying desperately to catch up to the giant man in armor. "Sir! This guy is fast!" There was another voice on the end of the radio. He seemed enraged. "What do you mean he's 'fast'!? He's on foot!?" The man seemed to gulp, and replied. "Sir, if you could see what i'm seeing you would understand." The man on the other end yelled, saying. "If you don't catch that bastard, i will make your life a living hell. Do you get me?" He sighed, replying with a serious tone. "Yes sir. We'll get him." He turned the radio off, turning to the driver. "Ram him." The driver shook his head. "Are you crazy? He wants them alive!" He took out a gun, pointing at the driver. "RAM. THEM. NOW." the driver cursed and slammed down his foot on the accelerator. The van roaring as it picked up pace, nipping on the heels of the Spartan.

Emile saw the contact on his motion tracker, while he had managed to maintain a steady speed of sixty miles per hour, they hadn't attempted to encroach him. He figured they wanted him and the kid alive. 'Well that's out the window.' He looked back, seeing the headlights gaining on him, but he was confused as he saw the kid holding out her hand. He assumed it was because of the lights blinding her, but what he saw next shocked him. The van suddenly crashed, the grille exploding inward as it did a flip up and landed on its roof.

Eleven looked at the man, her nose had a trickle of blood coming down it. The man just shook his head while he kept running. Only saying. "We're gonna have to talk about that kid. And i thought Hunters were scary fuckers." He muttered. Eleven didn't reply, only laying her head on the back of the Spartan's neck as they kept

running through the night...

hey guys, this is a really short chapter. I just wanted to get it out before I went down to my future College again. I won't be back working on this for at least a week, So I hope this can tide you guys over. Please review and give me feedback!

3. Uncertainty and Revelations

Hi and welcome back to the story! I would like to thank the few who followed or faved my newest story. It means quite a lot. I apologize for the delay. I just started a new job recently. I've been working over 100 hours in a two week pay period so yeah. I am trying to work on my stories in my very little free time. So i promise none of them will be dying! Anyway, with that little PSA out of the way, enjoy the chapter!-TheDidactsHand

Emile had been sprinting down the old highway for about a good hour. The girl on his back having fell asleep thirty minutes into the impromptu 'road trip'.

He looked down at her, she was peacefully cradled into his arms now. Sleeping. Her body was still battered, and dry blood caked her lip from her display she had put on earlier.

That had really impressed Emile. He remembered how he would always watch superhero movies as a child. But to think it was a reality was mind boggling for the Spartan. Despite seeing advanced aliens slaughtering Humanity, that was one thing. But this was beyond the realm of reality.

Emile huffed in annoyance. That was another thing that had irked him to a degree. He was slaughtering the Covenant before his ultimate demise. Like all Spartan III's did. But his reckoning was cut short by a certain bald headed girl.

He looked down at her again, trying to figure out what in the hell he was going to do with this shit pile of a situation. He groaned. "I'm in for the long haul i guess." He muttered to himself.

Looking back up, he saw the lights of a car coming down the highway. With no semblance of where he was, he decided to see if he could interrogate the possible local. Normally he would evade detection, but this situation was a bit more fucked than usual.

Making up his mind, he 'merged' into the other lane. Coming to a

stop. He watched as the headlights drew nearer to him. *"I hope they don't hit me"* He thought mirthlessly.

John Hopper was pissed off.

He had been on call all night because a bunch of damn kids liked to fuck around and cause him and the department grief.

Now he was on call for an accident at the power plant. Needless to say he wasn't getting any sleep tonight.

"What a night." He thought with disdain.

His radio began to chirp with a loud static. He sighed and picked it up. "Chief Hopper here. What's going on dispatch?" He asked. One hand on the steering wheel, and one on the walkie.

"Hey chief, i was just letting you know we have Briant and Dale on the way to the scene. Also got some EMT's on the way. Looks pretty bad. Over."

"Isn't it always?" he sighed. "Alright. Thanks. I'm on the way. Tell them to set up a perimeter around the wreck. I'll be there in five minutes." He said. Slapping the walkie back into its console. Not waiting for a reply.

He pressed down the gas pedal. Making the Ford Bronco lurch up and quickly gain speed. The engine roaring and echoing through the forest on either side of the road. He rounded the corner quickly. His lights began to reflect off of something in the road.

"What the hell?" A glare was reflecting his lights back to him. Whatever it was, sat pretty far away. He really couldn't make out anything. He reached over his steering wheel. Turning on his high beams. He looked back up, and had to slam the brakes. "Holy hell!" He had to keep the truck from flipping over as it slid side to side from the abrupt braking.

The truck came to a grinding halt. Smoke floating up as his head jerked back. "Son of a bitch!" He yelled. Rubbing his head. He looked back up, sighing as he saw nothing there. *"I need a drink."*

He stepped out of his truck, slamming the heavy door with a dull 'thump'. He walked around to the front of his grille slowly, leaning over to inspect it. He saw no damage. "What the hell did i see?" He muttered.

"That would be me." A baritone voice said.

He whipped around with his remington. Pointing it at where a man's head would be. Though he only saw a girl cradled in what seemed to be metal arms. He gulped, and raised his pistol up. Stopping at the 'head' of the thing. It was straight out of a Star Wars movie! It was huge, at least seven feet tall. It's 'head' was a large and bulbous helmet. An orange mirror like visor he had seen astronauts wear on their trips into space... But he sure as hell didn't see any with a skull carved into them. The thing looked like a walking tank!

Gulping, he mustered up some fortitude and spoke. "What the h-hell are you?" His hands trembling very noticeably as he meekly held his gun up.

The thing just tilted its head to the side, before it made a noise that sounded like a bear choking on a piece of meat. "Heh. Heh. Heh. I gotta say, you have some manner of balls under those chaps don't ya' cowboy?"

Hopper jolted when he heard it speak. It sounded like a man. Maybe African-American?

"Easy there pal. Wouldn't want to go off and shoot sleeping beauty here now would ya?" he raised Eleven up a bit gesturing to her.

Hopper slowly lowered his weapon. Looking at the kid who looked like she had been through the grinder a few too many times. "I suppose not." He muttered.

"Good. Now maybe you can help me? I'm a bit lost." It inquired

Hopper raised his eyebrow. "*Gee, you don't say.*" Holstering his pistol. He looked up at the things face. It didn't move, just sitting completely still waiting on his reply. It was very unnerving.

"Uhm. Sure. What did you need?" He asked wearily.

It responded immediately."Glad to see the law folk being the good samaritans they're supposed to be. Now as for your help, i need directions to the nearest population center. And if you could, the nearest star-port. I realize this part of the world is a bit... regressive."

Hopper had now deduced that this was just a very large man, and had calmed down marginally. But his questions had confused him to a degree. The nearest population center was Hawkins, but what in the fuck did he mean by starport? He would've called the guy a fucknut, had it not been for the fact he was armed to the teeth and could easily rip him in half with minimal effort.

"Uh Hawkins is down the road aways." He pointed past the man. "But as for a "Star Port" I have no idea what. or where one is. The closest thing i could get to it would be Florida."

Emile was now definitely sure he wasn't on Reach. Primitive cars, Primitive Weapons, and a CB radio for fuck sakes! Just where had he ended up? Nothing was making sense for the Spartan.

"What year is it?" He asked as dejected as a Spartan could be. Which wasn't that much.

Hopper raised an eyebrow but answered regardless. "Uh, 1983?" He said with uncertainty. Fearing the man would kill him for the answer.

Emile was floored. It all now made sense to the lone Spartan. And he had only one thing to say about it.

"Fuck."

That is a wrap! Super short chapter, i know. I hate myself. But alas i can't do anything with work coming up tomorrow... again. I apologize. Anyway, i hope you all enjoyed it. I need y'all to vote on something soon. So stay tuned please. While i sort my work and writing time. As always, thank you for reading!-TheDidactsHand